

HISTORY OF THE REGULATORS & MODERATORS SHELBY
COUNTY WAR IN 1841 & 1842, IN THE REPUBLIC
OF TEXAS MIDDLETON

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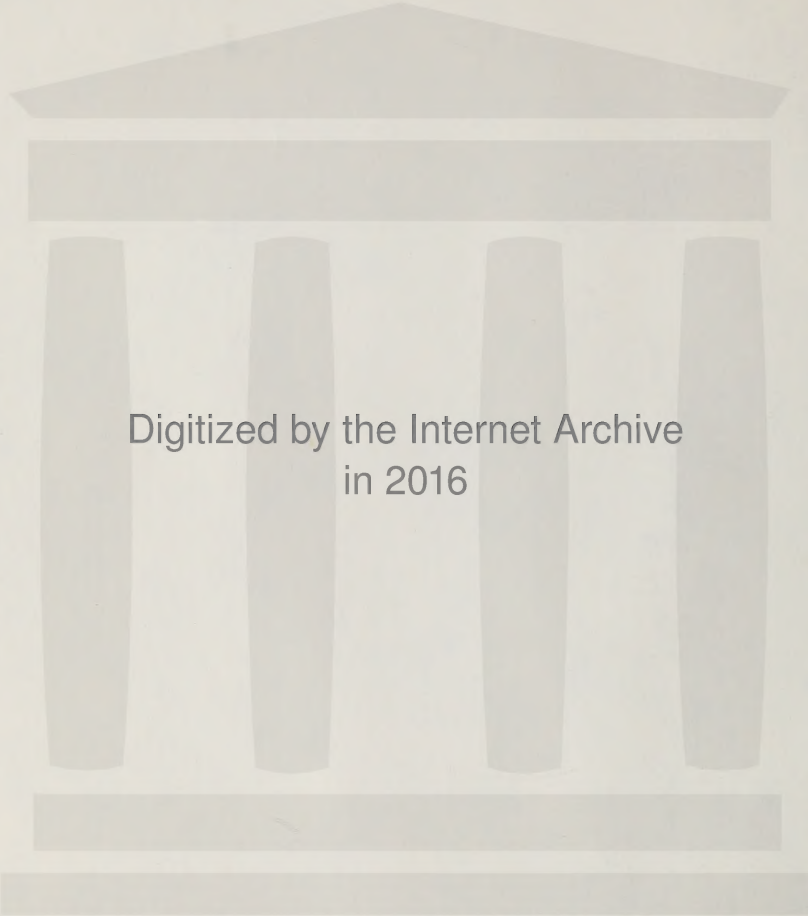
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HISTORY —OF THE— **REGULATORS and MODERATORS**

AND THE
Shelby County War in 1841 and 1842,

IN THE
REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

With facts and incidents in the early history of the Republic and State, from 1837 to the annexation, together with incidents of frontier life and Indian troubles, and the war on the Reserve in Young county in 1857.

BY JONH W. MIDDLETON.

An active participant in all the scenes described and a Texas Pioneer.



Fort Worth, Texas:
Loving Publishing Company.
1883.

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Dedication:

To my wife, Mrs. Jane G. Middleton, an old

in this pamphlet, and now the companion and solace

of my life, this pamphlet is with love

F Middleton, John W 1808-

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History of the regulators and moderators and the Shelby County war in 1841 and 1842, in the republic of Texas, with facts and incidents in the early history of the republic and state, from 1837 to the annexation, together with incidents of frontier life and Indian troubles, and the war on the reserve in Young County in 1857. By John W. Middleton ... Fort Worth, Tex., Loving publishing company, 1883.

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Dedication:

To my wife, Mrs. Jane G. Middleton, an old citizen of Texas, and cognizant of many facts related in this pamphlet, and now the companion and solace of my declining years, this pamphlet is with love and affection dedicated

By her Husband,

J. W. MIDDLETON.

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PREFACE.

I am now in the seventy-fifth year of time from my birth. Have been an active citizen of Texas ever since 1837, and been a participant in many of the graphic as well as the sanguinary incidents related in the following pages. And I am impelled by a sense of justice and due regard to the memory and the appreciation of my comrades, friends and associates—tried, good and true of that time—"trying time"—to give to the public in my declining years a true, faithful and impartial account of things that to my own knowledge have so often been misrepresented. And I hereby give to the future historian of the early history of Texas for his guidance the facts contained in this narrative.

HISTORY

—OF THE—

Regulators and Moderators

And the Shelby County War.

CHAPTER I.

Yielding to the solicitations of many old friends and participants in the exciting scenes of the early history Republic of Texas, and desirous to correct the errors which have arisen in regard to the causes of the "Shelby County War," and to place before the public in a fair and impartial light the action of the two parties engaged in the difficulties in Shelby and other counties in Eastern Texas in 1841 and 1842, I have undertaken this work. I was a resident at that time of Shelby county and a witness to and sufferer in many of the bloody conflicts of that stormy period. Many histories have been written of the time mentioned, but either facts have been suppressed or such a coloring has been given them as to do injustice to one or the other of the parties engaged. The only exactly, fair and true narrative, that to my knowledge was ever written, was by Colonel Mormon, and this was destroyed or lost, and in consequence of his death it could not be reproduced. The loss of his work has been long deplored by those who felt a deep interest in transmitting to their posterity the true history of that period and shielding their names from the obloquy in which it has been sought to clothe them. Many years have passed since the occurrence of the events I am about to relate, but they survive fresh and green in my memory.

Old age has fallen upon me and many others who upheld law and order in those dangerous days, and with no little consolation we remember that all our efforts were devoted to the good of this, then, new country and to the advancement of its moral condition.

It is fitting, before I enter upon my narrative, that I give a brief biography of myself, with some mention of my ancestry. John Middleton, a grandfather, was an American soldier in the war of the Revolution, and was present at the battles of the Cowpens and Guilford Court House; served under Gates until his defeat and then under Green until the close of the war. He was the officer sent to arrest Champ, who was sent after Arnold, the traitor, who deserted to the British, and pursued him so closely that he got his cloak, as Champ got too far into the deep water of the sea for him to be followed. Champ acting as a deserter to promote success. After the Revolution he belonged to a company to sustain law and order, and assisted to maintain it by constant efforts to arrest and bring to justice violators of the law. Among these felons were the Big and Little Arp, whose misdeeds were notorious throughout the country. Big Arp was killed by Elisha Green, in South Carolina, near his cave in the wilderness. His death resulted from maltreatment of the wife of a man named Leeper by Little Arp. Little Arp continued his criminal conduct and operated on the "old road" from Natchez, Mississippi, to Nashville, Tennessee. A notorious rover who conducted his villanies alone and for whose body a reward of one thousand dollars was offered in Natchez, remained very near the "Lower Natchez road" and the Choctaw line. Little Arp and his partner knowing his whereabouts and anxious for the reward, went to his camp, killed him, cut off his head and carried his body to Natchez, believing the head not wanted as the reward was only offered for the body. They were immediately arrested by the people and executed, as they were as obnoxious as the man they had killed. This ended the criminals of that section.

My mother was Martha Tubb, and my great-grandfather, George Tubb, Sr., was under Washington at Braddock's defeat and at the battle of Bunker Hill. He, his two brothers and all their sons, over the age of fourteen years, were in the Colonial Army, under the immediate command of Gen. Washington during the entire Revolutionary war, and all survived but one.

When the Creek war broke out in 1812, my father was working out a saltpetre cave in what is now Lawrence county, Tennessee, on Crosson's fork of Shoal creek. All who had been working with him, except his sixteen year old brother had gone to Nashville with saltpetre. At the time of the outbreak of the Indians my father was burning wood to make ashes to procure lye, and finding Indian signs too thick to remain, it became necessary to return sixty miles home to procure aid. He left John and the brother sixteen years old, in the cave, where they remained four days concealed from the Indians, until his return with six men. He attempted to carry back with him a cow and calf and being the only mounted man in the party on the return, he rode in advance

to clear the way for the wagon. He stopped once to cut away some saplings that were obstructing the road, when the cow and calf went on, passed over a hill; going on after them he discovered the trail of a large body of Indians who a few minutes before crossed the road and finding the cow and calf, had driven them away with them. They were at once abandoned and it was thought a fortunate escape. A draft was immediately ordered by the President for men to fight the Creeks. My father was drafted by drew out and commenced making up a volunteer company. General Jackson went out with sixty days men and fought the battles of Talladega, Hickory Ground, Heights of Muckfaw and Muckfaw Creek, and fell back, and another draft was made for four months men for reinforcements. My father was again drafted, and as his company was not ready he went out as a volunteer, in the regiment of Colonel Pickard, in the brigade of General Coffee. The sixty days men were detained eight days to fight the battle of the Horseshoe. The Fort was at the upper end of the heel of the Bend. General Jackson went around the Bend and crossed Coosa river just above the Falls, guided by James Fife, Chinerly and old Mr. Quarles. General Jackson marched down and commenced cannonading the Fort. Gen. Coffee went around the Bend to prevent the Indians from crossing the river and making their escape. In this battle my father, Drury Middleton, participated actively, being in the thickest of the fight. Going forward at the command of General Coffee, with two men from each company to act as an advance and give information of the enemy, he was separated from the main command, and remained upon the battle field and fought until he was the last or among the last to leave the ground. The line of march was then taken up for home, when the men were discharged.

The first battle fought at New Orleans was on December 23, 1814 at night, and of the volunteers from Tennessee, the killed and captured were sixty-three. The soldiers on their return from New Orleans were distressed for salt and bread, meat being plenty. I rode and carried on a pony, three bushels of meal 200 miles, for their relief.

This much I have thought proper to mention in relation to my ancestry, that it may be seen that I have inherited love of country and devotion to her laws; and now in the closing years of a long life filled with peril and adventure, among scenes wild and civilized, in society of every sort, in peace and in danger, I have sought only to be worthy the brave and patriotic men who had gone before, and by devotion to my country, upholding its laws and advancing the best interests of society in endeavoring to sustain its morals and religion, to deserve the name I bear.

CHAPTER II.

I was born January 3, 1808, the son of Drury and Martha M. Middleton, and on December 15, 1831, was married to Mary Ann Chalk, who was born April 12, 1810, in North Carolina, near the mouth of Chowan river. A wife faithful and affectionate, she performed every duty, professing religion at Mount Nebo camp meeting ground in Maury county, Tennessee, she lived religiously until called to live with the children of God, March 23, 1871. I resided in Tennessee until the autumn of 1834, when I removed to Marshall county, Mississippi, ten miles north of Holly Springs, where, as the proprietor of a house of entertainment on the public road, I became known to large numbers of people. Losses in business affairs rendering me dissatisfied and desirous to try my fortune in a new country, I resolved upon removal, and on the 15th day of June, 1837, I landed with my family, in the Republic of Texas, and settled in the county of Shelby. The country was thinly settled and the condition of society disagreeable, as there were many settlers who were fugitives from justice in the United States. The unsettled political situation of the Republic and the nearness of Shelby county to the line of the United States, rendering it easy to carry on acts of lawlessness and crime and to continue that course of conduct which had rendered the perpetrators exiles from the United States

Harrison and Panola counties join Shelby county, and lie in the north-eastern part of the State, contiguous to Louisiana. Settling in Shelby county, I commenced farming, and was soon known to the community as one who desired peace, but was always ready to lend my aid to preserve order and assist in the punishment and expulsion of any who were guilty of acts of violence or breeches of the law of the country.

In Shelby county were two political parties, known as the English and Haley parties. They were divided in politics but united in their protection of the desperado and fugitive from justice.

I will narrate a few incidents occurring between 1837 and 1840.

In April, 1837, Amos and Jim Strickland committed the theft of a store in the State of Louisiana and transferred it on horseback to Texas. They were so hotly pursued that nearly all the goods were recovered by the owners. In 1838, Jim Strickland stole a mare from a man named Henry Cannon and being seen in possession of it by Ben Odell, the mare was freed and she returned to her owner. Strickland denied the theft and afterwards killed Odell.

In 1837, one of the Anderson's guarded a large number of horses with their bridles and saddles, stolen in Louisiana and was afterwards caught and killed in Beecham's field, four miles east of Shelbyville, on the Tenaha.

The county seat of Shelby county was moved from Shelbyville to Center.

A man named Hillary came the same year to buy land and had with him \$1,400 in coin, \$300 in paper and a suit of clothes in his saddle bags. At San Augustine, while he was asleep at the tavern, he was robbed by Willis Watson

and a man named Mordecai. The men were arrested and whipped every day until a confession was obtained from Mordecai, but the money was never recovered. Willis Watson kept a ferry a mile above Logansport, on the Sabine river, and his place was the headquarters of counterfeiters and desperate characters. He became so obnoxious to the citizens of Louisiana that a number of the citizens of that State went to his place and destroyed it by fire in about the winter of 1838. Watson having lost his property left the country. He was then out of prison on bail, for an attempt to rob Sanchez, having been arrested before by me. The citizens of Louisiana had gone to his place to arrest him and his gang, but not finding him destroyed all his property. Had he remained his life would have been taken,

CHAPTER III.

The Mexicans and Indians came to an understanding in 1838 and rebelled. Some of the Mexicans near Nacogdoches raised a difficulty with the Texians during the summer, before the preparations were all complete for an attack upon the Texians. The Indians held a consultation or council and finding themselves not ready, returned to their homes and the Mexicans fled. I took my part in the suppression of this attempt at rebellion. An army was raised in Texas, with General Rusk in command; Generals Douglass and McLeod also having commands under him. I was a member of the Board of War and appointed captain of a company in 1839.

In 1838, a spy company was raised, Geo. Hanks was made Captain and I First Lieutenant. In the election for officers of this company Willis Watson and Shem Harris were candidates and failing, made an effort to rob Sanchez by forging bills of sale of his property. The company was on the march when information was received of the action of the men Watson and Harris. I was at once detailed to capture them and with a squad of men rode all night and secured the two men before breakfast at Sanchez's house before they got possession of the property. Here I waited for Captain Hanks and Lieutenant Roberts to come, when Captain Timmon's company, from Harrison county and Captain Haley, with his company from Shelby county, arrived. The three companies were detained here on detached service. I received orders to take the prisoners to Nacogdoches. Mayes, a prisoner, through the influence of his friends, was released at Sanchez's place and the two men Watson and Harris were conveyed to Nacogdoches and confined in prison. They gave bond and were released. I was then ordered to arrest John Beecham, Jack Crane, Sam Bruton and old man Pierce, for appropriating confiscated property. Returning to camp I was sent in the direction of Watson's ferry, traveling until late in the night, we camped on the road close to the house of old man Pierce, whom we arrested at daylight. Proceeding we captured Crane. We then went to Bruton's on the Tenaha, and he was absent. At Shelbyville we missed taking

Beecham, who made his escape and returned to Kentucky, and remained there seven years, leaving his family in Texas. Next day on our return march to camp we found and arrested Bruton. Reaching camp we found the army had dispersed without fighting, and orders left for us to disband and go home. In compliance with the opinion of the majority of the command, the prisoners were set free instead of conveying them to prison in Nacogdoches. I was then employed by the government of Texas to return to the owners the horses that had been pressed for the use of the army.

Immediately after this Leonard Mabbitt was ordered with a company of eighty men to Fort Houston to protect the frontier. The Indians harassed his men and attacked his foragers. In one skirmish the rear guard had stopped and a little boy son of Mr. Bates, who had been killed at San Augustine, the boy acting as courier, were fired upon by the Indians. Some of the men were wounded. The boy endeavoring to escape was chased by an Indian. The guns of both were empty. The boy getting far enough in advance of the Indian, dismounted and commenced loading his gun. The Indian did the same, but the boy loading first, fired and killed the Indian, and was rewarded afterwards for the deed by a grant of 640 acres of land from the Republic of Texas.

A conspiracy having been entered into by the Indians to take Fort Houston and massacre the people, Captain Mabbitt notified General Rusk who came at once to his relief with what force he could get. Taking the company of Mabbitt with him he went to the Kickapoo village, unknown to the Indians, who had camped one-half mile from the village on their way to the Fort. Spies upon their camp notified General Rusk that they had large fires of greenwood and were cooking for the trip. The Indians left and General Rusk coming on camped at their fires. Supposing the camp to contain only the company of Captain Mabbitt, the Indians made an attack, and the firing by the pickets was kept up during the night. The Indians had been joined by forty Mexicans, and at daylight approached and attacked the camp. They stood three fires, but surprised by the presence of General Rusk they retreated, leaving nine killed, and their children and camp equipage were scattered along the line of their retreat. Rusk and Mabbitt fell back to the Fort and sent for reinforcements, as the Indians were making great preparations for another battle. I united myself with Captain English's company and marched to Eaton's, where the Indians had committed murders. Here we found old Mrs. Eaton and several children killed. The house was burned. Old Mrs. Murchison was here killed and her body dragged out to near the fence. In looking around the premises I found bloody clothes and a musket lying on them. Two daughters of Mr. Eaton, both wives of men named Madden had been badly wounded near the house, but had made their escape and afterwards recovered. I reported to Colonel Landrum what I had found and that while absent I had heard much firing and I was sent with a guide and file of men to discover the cause. After my

departure, one of the Maddens, a Mexican and two other men in returning, fired off their guns near the house to alarm the Indians and cause them to leave. Colonel Landrum hearing the firing and presuming that I was attacked, started with his men to my relief and went so far that he could not return the same night. I, with my party, went in the direction of the house of a widow and arriving there found the house deserted. In the road, near the house, we saw tracks of a horse and mule that had been in full run, and concluding from this sign that Indians were in our rear, Forsythe and I turned back, when we met many of Rusk's men coming up in disorder. We went to General Rusk and had a council, when General Rusk sent orders to Colonel Landrum giving directions as to his future action. We remained at Eaton's about a week. There being too few to maintain a full guard, the sentinels stood at their stations the full time without relief. I took my own station at a point I believed to be the most liable to attack by the savages. It was in thick timber, and when all was still I heard an Indian cross the field fence within fifty or sixty yards of my position. The night was starlight, too dark to distinguish anything clearly, and I could only discover his movements by the sound of his footsteps in the leaves. He went to a tree about one hundred yards from the fence, stopped, then another crossed the fence, then the first advanced and the second at the same time moved up and took the position vacated by the first, each getting to his position about the same time. When the two made a stop a third crossed the fence and all three commenced walking. I could hear them distinctly. The Indian in front was going in the direction of the post occupied by Lieut. Dick English. When he had approached very near, Lieutenant English called to one Hoof, sergeant of the guard, to come to his relief as he was very cold. This gave the alarm to the enemy and they were seen or heard no more that night.

CHAPTER IV.

We now moved down to Murchison's and remained there about a week and occupied the time in scouting for Indians but we found none. We were here joined by Gen. Felix Houston and staff, who remained with us during the balance of our time in the field. We next took up the march to Neches Saline, and on the way were joined by Gen. Rusk with his command. The Indians made their headquarters five miles south of Neches Saline, and had killed, robbed and taken prisoners many persons. We had reached within a few miles of the Saline and were preparing to camp when our spies gave information of the Indians at the Saline. We formed line of battle eight deep and hurried to the Saline and attacked the Indians. Before the presence of the Indians was reported to us two of our men killed an Indian boy and a leading Indian called Captain Jack. The Indians retreated immediately upon the arrival of the main body of our army. A few (5) Indians were killed in skirmishes with our spies. No

general battle took place. Another party of Indians visited Martin's on Trammel's Trace, between the Saline and Sabine. Their sign had been discovered in the evening, and the dogs of the neighborhood gave notice of their presence. Many signal smokes were seen; the Indians were numerous and their yells could be heard all around us. I was selected to stand guard nearest the enemy and my counsel was followed in the arrangement of the guard. Martin had moved his family and was preparing to take away his moveable property, and in company with a man named Davis, he went during the night a mile from the house to watch for Indians. Immediately upon their return Davis went to the door of the house to ascertain the cause of the barking of the dogs, when he was shot by an Indian. He crawled under the floor of the house, died there, and was not discovered by the savages. The Indians then attacked the house and fired into a back room occupied at the time by a man named May, his wife and child. May ran and was wounded in the shoulder; his wife hid herself and child in the room and were not discovered, although the child was slightly wounded. David Brown, the surveyor, was in the house, and ran, leaving his instruments, saddle-bags and horse; the Indians carried them off. Martin loaded his wagon to leave, and while loading set a tin box containing his money on the top of the goods in the wagon, it was stolen by May's wife and never recovered. The Indians made a rapid retreat to Neches Saline.

One morning, when the Texian army was in camp at Bard's some twelve or fifteen boys about sixteen years of age, went *unarmed* with their horses about two hundred yards to water; they discovered the Indians and immediately raised a wild yell and charged them; the Indians ran and in their flight dropped Davis' hat. Col. Landrum sent a scout after the Indians who were not overtaken, but pursued so closely that Brown's surveying instruments, &c., were recovered.

We moved from our camp, and as the spies were unsuccessful in finding the camp of the Indians, one hundred men were sent out to make the discovery, which they did in a very short time. The Indian camp consisted of seventeen lodges, constructed of palmetto, well fitted for winter protection, and they had in store some seventy-five or eighty bushels of shelled corn. Upon our return a squad of men was detailed to go to Keeler and Williams', where a late massacre had been committed, and bury the dead. It was fifteen miles from where we were, and although I was not well, I went on the expedition, leaving a man from Nacogdoches county named Stephens to occupy my place as captain of the scout. Our quartermaster, Dr. Cannon, accompanied me. Arriving at the scene of the murders we found two members of the Williams family dead and two of the family of Keeler. Indian sign was thick and fresh. The dead were found and placed in boxes and we returned to our camp. Here we found everything in disorder; Stephens permitting the men to do as they pleased and during our absence had accomplished nothing. I resumed command of the scout. We then buried the dead and from that place went to Keeler's and found all gone. We then proceeded to Still's for information; unable to ascertain anything posi-

tively we returned to the camp of the main army, only to find it deserted and the army removed twelve miles, and to reach it occupied us until late in the night. The next day we returned to Shelbyville, having received furloughs for fourteen days.

Having received information that the Indians had separated and that the Caddos had gone to Soda Lake, fifteen miles from Shreveport, in Louisiana. Col. Landrum and Gen. Rusk, with their commands, went to that place, but the Indians retreated to Shreveport and nothing was done. This action of Landrum and Rusk—pursuing the enemy upon the soil of the United States—was reported to the authorities in Washington, when Gen. Gaines of the U. S. Army was ordered to return to Fort Jessup, in Louisiana, and the Caddo Indians received orders to leave the United States. They retired to Mexico where they remained until the war took place between that country and the United States, when they went to Western Texas, and uniting with remnants of other tribes, settled upon a reservation granted them by the United States.

In 1838 Henry Cannon, a citizen of Shelby county, owned a fine mare which was stolen by Jim Strickland, who started to return with her by a trail not much known or traveled, between the flat fork of the Tenaha and Sabine river. Ben Odell, happening to be traveling on the same trail, met Strickland and recognized the mare. As he was unfriendly to Strickland and going in the direction of Cannon's it was suspected by Strickland that Odell would give information, and the mare was turned loose and she returned to Cannon's shortly after Odell's arrival there. Cannon had been informed by Odell that Strickland was in possession of his mare, and he (Strickland) learning the fact, threatened the life of Odell. Soon after a dinner was given to the citizens of Shelby county by one of the candidates for the place of representative in the Texas Congress. Strickland with his friends, on the way to it, were met by Odell, who made his escape by running. On his retreat he met with Forsythe and party, who were opposed to Strickland, by them he was supplied with a pistol and induced to return. Supper over, and the night coming on, dancing commenced. Strickland and Odell went on the floor to dance at the same time, and both intended shooting as they passed, each having his pistol against the other. Odell's pistol missed fire. Strickland's fired, and Odell, after receiving the wound, knocked Strickland down with his fist. Odell died next morning. Strickland was arrested, and there being no jail, gave bond for his appearance at the next term of the District Court. The trial was brought at a time when the best citizens of Shelby county were absent, called away by the Kickapoo war. Three freebooters, Bog-gess, Thomas and Dr. Rowan, arrested for counterfeiting, were to be tried at the same term of the court, and by a combination of the friends of all these parties, the whole of them were acquitted.

"The four assassins hired at Austin to go to Shelby county and murder seventeen men, were Seekers. Wm. Wells, York and Hines, and employed by Jno. N. Bradley and Jno. Haley. They came and commenced operations. Jim Hall offered six hundred dollars to them to kill Henry Reynolds, &c."

CHAPTER V.

In the summer of 1839 the Cherokees became hostile and resolved to fight. The army was called out and I was appointed a member of the board of war. I received a commission as captain and orders to raise a company, guard the Sabine river from Logansport to Trammel's Trace and to prevent the Cherokees from being supplied with arms and ammunition by other Indians and Mexicans. I was also appointed Commissioner for Shelby county, to take charge of all confiscated property, prevent its removal or destruction and turn it over to the government of Texas. I had only ten men. I placed eight on the road from Logansport to Nacogdoches, and taking Josh English and John May, went to Trammel's Trace to make observations. On the way I met with a man named Robertson. This man had joined the Mexicans in the rebellion with the hope of obtaining office. Failing to obtain promotion he became dissatisfied and made his escape. Knowing the plans of the Mexicans and their conspiracies with the Indians and their intention to raid upon the Texan people, he communicated the information to General Burleson, who at once followed the Mexicans from whom Robertson had deserted and killed them all, and from the information of Robertson was enabled to overtake Juan Flores, who was coming with nine mule-loads of presents for the Indians. The band was attacked, all killed and the train captured. Robertson proved of great assistance as a spy, being acquainted with the language of the different tribes of Indians and thus able to go among them and learn their numbers and intentions. He rendered effective service by going among the Cherokees, learning their designs and reporting them, the night before the battle in which Chief Bowles was killed. After this Robertson went to his home in Shelby county, to visit his family, his residence being in the neighborhood where the Strickland's lived. Here he was set upon by his enemies, the Strickland's and others with whom he had previously had difficulties, and brutally murdered. As soon as I was informed of the affair I returned, recovered his property and delivered it to his family. Robertson's body had been buried by Colonel Straw before my arrival. When the army returned and Henry Strickland found what had been done, he declared his intention to kill me and came armed to the house of Josh English where I was. I was engaged in hauling corn and while unloading the wagon Strickland and English entered into conversation at the fence, near me. I was apprehensive of an attack, but time passed and I was not molested, and not again disturbed by this man. Finally he was killed in a personal difficulty with one Shoemaker.

CHAPTER VI.

With these adventures and troubles with the Mexicans and Indians, nothing more transpired to call us from home until the disturbances in Shelby, Panola and Harrison counties, which created great excitement at the time and have become a part of the history of Texas. Authors of Texian history have, in some instances passed them over almost without notice. By others mention has been made of them in such manner as to give a wrong color and others have made statements inconsistent with the facts, and in no instance has a complete, full and fair statement been made of the whole matter. And as one of the principal actors in the scenes and as my memory is vivid as to all the transactions, I have seen proper to recount them, and where any statement of mine may seem doubtful or be disputed, there are living witnesses of high character and standing in Texas, to whom I shall refer, if necessary, to sustain my every assertion.

In 1838, two men, large traders, by the name of Rathburn, from Buffalo, New York, had been swindled, by some company there, out of a fortune. The estate had been obtained through the wife of the younger of the two men, and he came to Texas to secure what remained to his family. He made a confidential friend of Seth Shelton and placed the property in his hands, consisting in negroes, money and whatever else he had brought to Texas. He came to Texas under the name of Brewster, and in company with a young man named McLure and John McKinney, who were privy to the contract with Shelton. E. M. Dagget, of Fort Worth and others, came to Texas in the same company. Brewster bought a large quantity of land, was taken sick and died at Shelton's. Shelton determined to secure this property for himself. McLure and McKinney were the only persons who could identify the property of Brewster, and to secure his object the witnesses must be removed, and so both were killed by The killing of McLure took place as follows: He was clerking in a store on the Sabine river, the two men went there and raised a difficulty with him, not getting any advantage of him on that day. Next day they returned to the store and entered in seeming good humor, laughing and talking; McLure had his gun in his hand, but thrown off his guard by their conduct, set it down, when McFadgin sprang to one side, revealing Jim Strickland, who instantly fired, killing McLure before he could recover his weapon. They then defied the law and resisted arrest.

About this time a difficulty arose between Jo Goodbread and Charles W. Jackson. Goodbread had been waylaying Jackson. After this they met in Shelbyville, when the trouble was renewed and Jackson fired and killed Goodbread. Jackson surrendered to the authorities, moved his trial to Panola county and was acquitted. When he went to Panola a crowd also went for the purpose of assassinating him, but his guard was too great and the effort was a failure. The men who had gone with and protected Jackson, then went to the houses of Strickland and McFadgin. and not being able to capture the men, as they were absent, they removed the furniture from the houses and destroyed them by fire.

The session of the District Court held at this time in Panola county by Judge Hansford was adjourned in consequence of the imminent danger arising from the presence of these two parties. It was after this time the trial and acquittal of Jackson took place.

An old man by the name of Carr was a resident of the county. He was a Mexican and had two sons-in-law, who were white men—Stockman and Norris. Carr had befriended the whites and rendered his full share of assistance in every disturbance with the Indians and Mexicans. He had large property in cattle, horses, &c, and the Freebooters stole a number of his horses and mules. At a public dinner, given by Charles Jackson for the purpose of assembling the people and making an effort to recover the stolen property, a company of sixty-three men was made and a day appointed for the meeting of the company, but only twenty-three men came and they went in pursuit. A man called 'Squire Humphreys was caught and whipped and part of the horses and mules recovered. The Freebooters now met and organized by the election of officers. Ned Merchant was elected captain, and one Judge Hawkins being called upon, gave them the name of Moderators. They watched for an opportunity to kill Jackson. As he was going from Shelbyville to Logansport he was met about 12 M. by Jonathan McFadgin and soon after by Berry Merchant, who gave information to Ned Merchant who raised a company of fifty-five men and went after him. Two days before M. F. Roberts and Emory Raines, candidates for representatives in the Texas Congress, addressed the people and passed the night at my house. Raines was uneasy that night and wished to see McFadgin and Strickland and offered to go to Josh English's, but was persuaded to remain. Next morning very early he went to English's. There he met in caucus with Jack Crane, 'Squire Humphreys, Jim Strickland, Harry Strickland, Bill Bailly, John McFadgin, Sam Todd and — Bledsoe. They went to Logansport and waylaid Jackson. The party took three stands and placed themselves at the forks of the road between Shelbyville and Nacogdoches. A peaceable, quiet Dutchman, by the name of Lower, was in company with Jackson, and on account of his presence, the first stand was passed. As they approached the second Lower was shot and Jackson ran, but was fired upon and killed. This took place in 1841. As soon as Merchant arrived at English's, Raines, Merchant and the company of fifty-five men went to McFadgin's and guarded the place to protect the men who had killed Jackson and Lower. They hid themselves in a thicket and signified their wants or danger of discovery by signals.

At this time the Sheriff of Shelby county fearing danger to his life, went to Nacogdoches and remained two or three months, and I received an appointment as his deputy. I had made an arrangement to exchange lands with John H. Martin, and it became necessary for me to go to King's Fork of the East Trinity river to examine the land, and the trip I was about to make becoming known, a plan was laid to waylay me. I had but just received warning of my danger when I was called upon and authorized to make the arrest of Bill, John

and Baily McFadgin, who were moving away with their families. Bledsoe was with them. I was accompanied by nine men, under my command: Col. Wat Morman, Col. Jno. E. Myrick, Tom Josy, Sam Wallace, Frank Hooper, Monroe Hooper, James Vaughan and Lee Truitt. We started in pursuit but had to take a circuitous route to avoid the clan. We went across the Neches and in the direction of Crockett. We surprised Strickland in his camp near the residence of "One Eyed Williams," twenty-five miles north of Crockett, but he made his escape in a thicket. In the latter part of the night we heard signals in the thicket and at the camp. Strickland did not return to the wagon and we rode to the camp and gave orders to Smith, the driver of the team, to leave, which he did, and the team was afterwards driven by the woman. We went on to Allbright's and stopped for supper and to feed our horses. While there Williams and Strickland came up. The alarm was given and they turned to run and were fired upon by Colonel Myrick. Strickland was wounded by one shot in the shoulder and a finger cut. At the fire of the gun Strickland ran over Williams, who lost his gun. Williams hid himself in a ditch where we found and arrested him, but Strickland made his escape, by lying upon the side of his horse as he ran around the lots. This occurred just as the moon was rising. Strickland threw away his gun and I found it and also found the gun belonging to Williams. We took Williams in charge and induced him to give us information in regard to the McFadgins and to guide us to where they were. Under his lead we found and arrested the McFadgins. We found them a mile south of the town of Montgomery at the house of Alex. Whittaker. We left Williams in charge of the horses and surrounded the house. McNeil, sheriff of the county was living there, and at the time in bed with John McFadgin. When I went around the house I found it barred up. Baily and Bill McFadgin were also in the house. Bill having a few minutes before ran and closed up the door. I found a window unfastened, but before I could get it open it was latched against me. At this time McNeil came to me, told who he was and offered his services to get a guard and assist in the arrest. We went to the town of Montgomery to get the necessary authority from the Justice of the Peace and were delayed by the absence of the Justice. During our absence Bledsoe came up in company with Bowlin; on discovering him, Myrick and Frank Hooper ordered him to halt and surrender, when he sprang upon them both and came near wresting their guns from them; in the melee Myrick's gun was broken and Hooper shot Bledsoe, but did no serious injury. Bledsoe had taken Hooper's gun from him and was in the act of striking him with it, when Myrick again fired and slightly wounded Bledsoe. He was then shot and killed by Jim Vaughan. The McFadgins in the house were now called upon to surrender, and after some consultation, they complied upon the understanding that they were to be taken safely to Shelby county and tried by the citizens, a majority to rule, and they were not to be rescued or make any effort at escape. They were then taken into custody.

CHAPTER VII.

On our way to this place, where the capture was made, we found an entire captain's company assembled to protect these men, but we passed through their ranks, and by our rapid movements and silence so confused them that we were suffered to pass and get entirely clear without molestation. We started on our return, and arriving in the town of Crockett, found that Strickland had procured a writ to be issued and placed in the hands of the sheriff for the arrest of Morman, myself and three others, who were not with us, but supposed to be part of our posse. The sheriff commenced summoning a body of men to assist in our apprehension, but on proper representations from a man acquainted with us, came alone to us, told his business, when we surrendered to him and returned into the town of Crockett. We sent an officer with a writ for the arrest of Jim Strickland, who was six miles from town. The town was full of people. We exhibited our authority to them and told our business, but we found a large majority opposed to us—only about one-fourth being in our favor. One Josephus Moore attempted to create the impression that he was our friend, but after looking well at him, I decided that he could not be depended upon. A trial was demanded at once and without waiting for the man, Strickland, who had caused our detention. During the progress of the trial I observed that a great many guns were brought up to the room in which the trial was had, and afterwards learned that an effort was to be made there to take my life. A difficulty was to have been commenced and twenty-four guns were ready to be used against me alone. As I left the room I was accosted by a man whose business it was to begin or bring on the difficulty. Col. Morman drew his attention from me, and I was then accosted by a man named Clapp. These men, leaving us, ran across the street to Moor's tavern, and I mounted my horse standing at the door, and here also were my prisoners and guard, and by a concerted movement we wheeled our horses and placed the prisoners between us and the tavern where their friends were stationed, and went rapidly out of town. Immediately a crowd of sixty men assembled and followed, but we traveled faster than they; they continued in pursuit until they reached the residence of one-eyed Williams, twenty-five miles, where they supposed we would stop for the night and being informed by him that we had passed that place some hours before, they turned back. We camped that night thirty-nine miles from Crockett, on our return to Shelby county. We met with no more trouble, and on my arrival I sent out five men to notify the people to be in Shelbyville on the ensuing Saturday at twelve o'clock, M. Next morning we went to the widow Moore's for breakfast, when we were visited by many citizens, and there being men enough to relieve the old guard, the prisoners were placed under their charge, and we were advised to take our needed rest. The new guard becoming careless and too confident, presented an opportunity and John McFadgin attempted to make his escape, and ran some distance, but I overtook him in the bed of a branch near by and brought him back. Again Bill McFadgin seeing what he supposed

a chance to get away, relieved himself of his chains and ran, and after a lively chase through the cane and timber, finding it impossible to escape his pursuers, surrendered. We started to Shelbyville and on the way were met by a company of one hundred and seventy-three men who formed our escort to town. The prisoners were carried to the town of Shelbyville, and there, on Saturday at 12 o'clock, M. the citizens met in the Court House for their trial, it being the 9th day of October, 1841. Previous to this time, at the re-capture of the two men, they made full confession, and the third did the same, each confessing in the absence of the others and ignorant of what had been said by them. Each made the same statement and narrated all the circumstances of the killing of Jackson and Lower, and these confessions were afterwards repeatedly confirmed by them. On this testimony the citizens acted, and upon taking the vote one hundred and seventy-four were found to have voted for their execution and none against it. The men were then taken out and two of them executed, the third and youngest was spared upon his promise of reform and the earnest pleading of Henry Reynolds, a citizen, whose sympathy was strongly excited. With this for a time ended excitement, but in the spring following, that is to say about March, 1842, the old troubles were revived by the return of some of the members of the old gang and their waylaying citizens upon the public roads and in the woods. Long and persistent efforts to catch me at disadvantage had been made by Jim Strickland, Henry Strickland, Farrar Metcalf, Jack Crane, John Heath and three others whose names I never learned, and at last, on the morning of the 26th of March, 1842 I went into the woods near my house looking for my horses, and before I had intimation of the presence of any one, or just at the moment I discovered these men, who had concealed themselves here in the woods to deprive me of life, I was fired upon by two shots at once; three balls entered my hip, two struck my hand, and one striking the powder horn at my side and going through that gave me a flesh wound. Other balls pierced my clothing in different places. I turned and walking a few steps was again fired upon by two persons. I cannot tell at what time any of the wounds were received except the one in the hip, which was given me at the first fire. The assassins then ran and I went to my house, which was at no great distance, without falling or giving way to weakness; finding my wife gone in search of me I went to look for her; we soon met and returned home. I then went over to the residence of Nathan Matthews about a mile. I remained there two or three days. Immediately after my arrival at Matthews' information of the occurrence was sent over the county, and before night fifty men had assembled armed and proceeded to look for the perpetrators. Jack Crane was arrested and brought into my presence by Elijah Roberts, a son of Moses F. Roberts, whose energy and activity aided materially in the support of law and order.

I will here state that the night before the shooting I had a remarkable dream by which I was warned of what was about to occur. I saw lovely persons surrounding and protecting me and singing the hymn "How firm a foundation;" I joined in the singing. Other hymns were sung, and the last one sung by us

was "Through the deep waters I call thee to go." After the singing the apparition disappeared, and then the dream revealed parties firing upon me, and the firing was from exactly the same direction that it afterwards took place. I dreamed that the balls struck me in exactly the same place that I was struck afterwards. Many years before, that is in the year 1829, while I lived in Tennessee, long before I had any design of removing to Texas, I had the same dream precisely. To me these seemed supernatural warnings and had their effect upon my mind. Whether or not there is anything in dreams I could not help regarding mine as peculiar and strange, and when I heard the click of the gun locks as they prepared to fire, I looked in the direction indicated by the visions and distinctly saw the parties as they fired. I did not permit my wounds to keep me long confined to the house, and on the fifth day I was on horseback and rode in a dark and stormy night fourteen miles in search of the men who attempted my life. I soon after fell sick and it being dangerous and inconvenient for me to remain at my residence, I went to Louisiana to the house of Wm. White, my brother-in-law, on Wallace's bayou, fifteen miles below Shreveport, and remained five weeks. I started back home and at Logansport remained one night to avoid another gang lying by the wayside to attack me. I reached home safely. The day after my arrival I received the most welcome information that Jim Strickland and Farrar Metcalf had both been lately killed in Louisiana for negro stealing.

CHAPTER VIII.

In 1841, John M. Bradley and John Haley, both residents of Shelby county, went to Austin and there hired four men, viz: Seekers, Wills, York and Hines to go to Shelby county and kill seventeen men, and those the most prominent in the county. For the life of Henry Reynolds they were to receive six hundred dollars. This money was to be paid by Jim Hall, and he furnished a gun for the purpose. Bradley also supplied a gun. In pursuance of this object, Reynolds was visited by Seekers and Hines, who remained one night at his house. The evening was passed in conversation, and a favorable impression was made by Reynolds upon Hines, who when they had retired, informed Seekers that he had found Reynolds a good man, different from what had been represented and that he would have nothing to do with his murder, and he drew out of the gang. Hines was never after heard of. After this Seekers and Wells went to Reynolds' house designing to commit the deed, but learning that Reynolds was going to Shreveport with cotton, the commission of the act was postponed. At each visit to the house of Reynolds these men represented themselves as horse hunters. In a few days after the last visit, Reynolds with one of his sons and a negro boy, started to Shreveport with his cotton, and stopped to camp about fifteen miles from his home. While arranging for the night, the two men, Seekers and Wells, passed and were recognized by Reynolds' son who informed his father that they were the men who had been to his house horse-hunting. Reynolds called to them and asked if they had found their

horses, when they rode back and commenced talking. Reynolds was lying at the foot of a post oak resting his elbow on the ground. Seekers sat on his horse with the muzzle of his gun pointing at Reynolds. After conversing a short time he said they must ride on to reach some place to stay that night and at the same time, reining his horse around, fired, shooting Reynolds through the left breast, killing him instantly. Seekers and Wills then ran. In running, Wills' horse struck a tree, knocking him off and losing his gun, and there they separated. On information of the death of Reynolds the trail was taken next morning by Steve Reynolds, Frank Hooper, David Winburn and another. Wills' gun was found and his trail followed to Louts', in the direction of Natchitoches about twenty-five miles from the place of murder. Here Wills was found, and after some demonstrations of resistance on his part, he surrendered. He was taken to Matthew Brinson's four miles east of Shelbyville, and there the guard was increased to twelve men. Parson Blackburn was employed to erect a gallows on the square in the town, and the next day the prisoner was conveyed to the place of execution. He made a full confession of the crime, who had employed the gang, and what pay was to be received. After which the execution took place in the presence of a large crowd. Nothing definite was ever after learned of the man Seekers. Hall's gun was recovered, having been pawned to pay the ferriage of Seekers across the Sabine.

A writ for the arrest of the twelve men who had executed Wills was caused to be issued by John M. Bradley and John Doyle. The writ was placed in the hands of Llewellyn the sheriff and his deputy Jeff Cravens. They summoned three hundred men to their assistance and went into camp. The twelve refused to be arrested, but said they would attend the District Court and submit. The friends of the twelve men sustained them in their decision, and in two days enough men were gathered for their protection, and the sheriff was then notified that they were ready, and if a fight was desired they were prepared. An armistice of two days was obtained by the Sheriff, and during that time an agreement was entered into that a committee of twenty-four men should decide the matters of difference between the parties, and that the committee should be composed of men belonging equally to both parties, that is to say, twelve men from each side. They met and after deliberation rendered their decision that the Sheriff Llewellyn and his deputy, together with twenty-three others of the most prominent of the party were to leave the Republic and never become citizens again. They were given two months to wind up their business and permitted to return temporarily on business matters, but could not become citizens. Messengers were sent to notify them. These were often attacked, some wounded and some had their horses killed. Instead of leaving the Republic, as they were directed, these men went to work to raise forces, and at the expiration of the two months they were ready to commence fighting. It was planned that at the same hour of the night, seventeen citizens, who had been selected, were to be killed, and afterwards the members of the committee were to be disposed of in the same way. To raise their

men they had sent to Arkansas and Louisiana. A company of Arkansas men were camped six miles from me, on what was known as the Rogue's Trail. They were to kill me and Howell Hudson. A friend of Hudson named Elijah Morris gave him information two days before of what was to be done and advised him to leave. Hudson then saw Stiles and talked with him on the subject. Stiles went into the camp and there learned that the information was correct. Next night Stiles, Howell, Hudson, Peter Hudson, Washington Hooper, Daniel Wiseman and Dick Harding came to my house and took me away. I had a rising on my hip from my wounds and unable to travel without help. They placed me on the road to intercept the spy of the moderators that night, but he never came. The track of the horse belonging to this spy was seen near the house of every man who had been selected by the moderators to be killed, but the name of the spy, or who he was, was never discovered.

My family left home that night. The gang came and broke open the doors; finding no one they became alarmed and went into the Tenaha swamp. They got into the edge of the cane at the flat fork of the Tenaha, and as day came the order was "a little further into the cane," and they edged and pushed each other until Jonas English and John Mays fell into a deep hole of water in the creek. They kept in the swamp and nothing was heard of them for two weeks. The night they sought me they went after others, but failed in every instance. Squads were near the house of every marked man at the same hour of the same night, in pursuance of the original design, to murder all the selected men at the same moment, but they failed in every instance. Then all got together, two hundred strong, armed and fully equipped, and charged into the town of Shelbyville making all the show and intimidation they could. They swore to kill the committee first, sent Alfred Truit to Louis Watkins' to kill him; the mouth of his lane towards town was waylaid with thirty-three men. Watkins started to town and before he got through the lane was shot and fell from his horse. News of this went out, and next morning thirty-five or forty men had assembled at Jerry Beecham's, three miles northwest of town. With these thirty-five or forty men were E. M. and Chas. Daggett, Joe Smith, ex-sheriff of Shelby county, John and Frank Farrar, Jim Graham, Geo. Sandford and others. Those who arrived during the night had built a fire near a log left from making boards, hearing the approach of some one Capt. Joe Smith and John Farrar jumped upon the log to look out, and in endeavoring to recover their lost balance, the hammer of a gun in the hands of one of them struck the ripping machine and fired, the ball going through the hand of Smith and breaking Farrar's arm; thus was lost the services of two good men. About nine o'clock a m. of the following day they were here attacked on two sides by the two hundred men, and the fight was maintained all day. The attack was made on the east and west sides.

CHAPTER IX.

The thirty-five or forty men were called regulators; they were protected by an unfinished house and a yard fence. Over this fence on the west side was leaning the planks to put on the house, and these supplied some protection. In this fight the casualties were, Bill Hansbury, moderator, killed; Wm. Price, shot in the mouth; Jim Graham, regulator, shot in the mouth; Geo. Sanford, arm broke; Eph M. Dagget had his pants cut, but was unhurt. The regulators sent for me, and I gathered the men around me and went next day. Richard Stiles, Howell Hudson, Peter Hudson, Washington Hooper and Jackson White went with us, and on our way we were joined by Mint Truitt and Bob McNairy. When we got near the place, the two boys, Truit and McNairy, went to the battle ground and to Beecham's house to get information. At the house they found Jas. Graham wounded and under the care of Dr. Davenport. In the yard they saw Ned and Berry Merchant, who cocked their guns, as if intending to shoot them. McNairy stepped into the house and cocked his gun, but through the advice of Dr. Davenport, he laid aside the gun and appeared not to see the two men, went whistling through the house, went into the cotton field and reaching his horse in safety, came back to me. We were eating breakfast, and some of our party going after water discovered a spy in the bed of the creek. We moved from the place at once and learned that the moderators were there, but that the regulators had gone ten miles off to C. T. Hilliard's. The Merchants, as soon as McNairy left, went to the camp of the moderators and started the spy company after me, presuming me to be in the neighborhood. When we left the place, we separated, each one taking his way through the woods, to leave as little sign as possible. Truitt could find no trail by which to follow, and was compelled to "circle" to reach us. The first house we reached was situated inside a corn field; two horses were tied to the fence, and Truitt and McNairy going in to see, discovered two men of Alfred Truitt's spy company. They returned and reported, and we went around the swamp side of the field and found our men, the regulators, without further hindrance. On the upper side of this field thirty-one men were stationed, and had we gone on that side, as some wished, we would have been captured.

During the fight at Beecham's the regulators deceived the moderators by falling at every fire, and believing they had killed many, so reported, and were enabled to procure re-inforcements until they soon numbered 230 strong.

The whole force of moderators now went into the neighborhood of my residence and searched the whole country for me. We had ladies out all the time acting as spies for us, watching the movements of the moderators. These ladies were Mrs. M. T. J. Johnson, Helen Daggett, Elizabeth White and Mrs. Nathan Matthews. The moderators then moved up to Dave Strickland's, four miles south of Hilliards. We found they were there, and being scarce of ammunition had sent for more, but concluded to go and fight them with what we had. This was in 1842. The moderators occupied a school house of logs

on a ridge, between two small streams; their fires, cooking apparatus, &c., were south of the school house. Our forces amounting, as I facetiously called it, to one hundred and enough, were divided into three companies, twenty-eight men under M. T. Johnson, acting as cavalry; these men formed a select body whose lives were in danger. Captain George Davidson and Lieutenant Boulware commanded a company from Harrison county and John Inman was in command of the company from Shelby county. Johnson went around on the south side to attack as cavalry and the other two companies being misled by the guide, were three-quarters of a mile distant when the attack was made by Johnson. They came up in a run, and were much heated and fatigued, as it was in the month of August or September; they formed on the north and west side. Capt. Davidson mistaking a company of moderators for Johnson's company, and demanding who they were, were fired upon and killed without receiving any reply. The two Daggett's, E. M. and Charles, were in the lead when they ran into the moderators, and discovering where they were they threw Andy Truitt, a moderator, into a whole of water, and escaped during the excitement. Johnson was to hold the ground on the south and east. The battle began after 12 m., Johnson firing the first gun, the ball from which struck the meat in a man's hand as he was in the act of biting. Our coming up was unexpected but the firing soon became general. The action continued about four hours. It ceased and Colonel Straw was sent around to draw us off and take care of the wounded and dead. We were again fired upon, but no one was hurt, and we marched on. Johnson was ordered back to our breastworks and fortifications at Hilliard's; the balance of the command were to follow, but finding no one had molested them, and expecting to be pursued, we went back on the road and stationed ourselves in ambush. We drew off the evening before to obtain more ammunition, and found that it had arrived. We camped next night, or rather took our stand at the edge of a prairie near by, and in hearing of the moderators, and until 11 o'clock p. m. we continually heard groans and lamentations, and during that night they retired four miles below. Tom Haley commanded them during the battle and his voice could be continually heard giving orders. Wm. Nail and a crowd with him, becoming frightened, left their guns and running off, hid themselves. They did not get back to their men until 11 a. m. the next day. Of the moderators no certain information was received of the killed and wounded, although sixteen were acknowledged killed and twenty-five were known to have been wounded. The regulators had one, George Davidson, killed dead; two wounded, Howell Hudson and Kane, who died afterwards. After the battle at Hilliard's we moved five miles below Shelbyville, to the camp ground. The moderators intended going to the same place, but finding it occupied by us, made their stand in a field at the town of Shelbyville. We went before day, with one hundred men to attack them, and to cut off a new spy company they had raised and under the command of Richard Haley, then out foraging. We formed our men into three divisions; one under Boulware, on the Natchitoches

road; another on the San Augustine road under Colonel Morman, and the other under Sandford on the Sand Hill road. Our horses were left tied in the head of a hollow, about one-half mile from Morman's, on the San Augustine road. Where Morman was placed, about one-half mile from Shelbyville, the young pines were too thick to see any distance; the orders were to wait until the foremost men reached Morman and then all to fire on the line of men who would be in ten feet of them. They came along; Morman's gun failed to fire and the next man took his place. Haley's gun was struck in the lock and fired by the shot, and Haley lost his hat. When Lieut. Boulware crossed the road he got Haley's hat. New blankets and provisions were scattered in the road. The company then fired into the line and the moderators ran. They went in the direction of Sandford's company, except Haley, who ran straight on into Shelbyville. Sanford's guns missed fire and the moderators scattered and went to their main body. The regulators retired to their horses, sent information back to the command and waited for re-inforcements, expecting an attack, but no attack was made as the moderators went into the Teneha swamp to make their escape. The number killed and wounded in this affair was never ascertained. This was in or about the month of September, 1842.

We remained at our camp, watching an opportunity to attack the moderators, some eight or ten days, having occasional skirmishes with small bodies of the enemy. In one instance we went with a few men near the house of Mr. Shoat, a few shots were fired and some of the enemy wounded. On the side of the regulators there were no injuries. In this camp we remained receiving information and advice from friends in San Augustine, until the day the militia arrived, when we were disbanded and all returned to their homes.

At a meeting of the regulators I made a motion that the different counties of the Republic be notified of what was going on with us and advised to organize, arm and protect themselves. The letters were written by Colonel Morman and C. T. Hilliard, and being received by the counties had a strong effect. Upon this action the moderators called upon General Houston, president of the Republic, and urged him to call out the militia, and stated that their numbers had been reduced from two hundred and thirty to sixty-five and that was their number when surrounded by the regulators in the thicket, after the battle at Hilliard's. General Houston anticipating the approach of Santa Anna, and believing the discord between the citizens would enable Santa Anna to overrun the country, called out the militia, and placing them, to the number of 1500 men, under the command of General James Smith, sent them to Shelby county, when upon their arrival, the citizens laid aside their arms and went home, and ended the war between the regulators and the moderators.

CHAPTER X.

I had gone into Louisiana with some friends, but returned to aid in the interment of Howell Hudson. We buried him with military honors, firing a platoon over his grave. We made preparations to leave after filling the grave, when it was proposed that we hunt for Henry Strickland, thinking he could be found that night. We started and soon discovered the tracks of the horse rode by the spy of the moderators. We chased him five miles but he escaped. Going on further we met Colonel Morman, who invited the men into a grocery and treated them. We took an old road, going to the Strickland settlement, and met the old man Morman and Washington Parrish driving a yoke of oxen in full run; they told us to turn back that the militia were at Hilliard's and eighty men were coming in our direction. We did not wish to be found with arms in our hands and we turned and went back past the grocery. Nine of our men stopped, as by this time, they wanted more liquor. We turned then to cross the river at Logansport, so as to be in Louisiana. One company of militia stopped at my house, got some provisions and inquired for me; they were coming up to unite with the others. Colonel Morman going alone in the direction of Logansport, met this company and they took him prisoner. One of the Horton's was in this company and attempted to shoot Morman, but Morman seeing it, was ready and made an effort to fire, but they were prevented by the militia. Colonel Morman was deprived of his weapons and his blowing horn would have been taken, but he claimed it was not a weapon and it was restored to him. While the militia were standing with Morman, we rode up, and discovering who they were, we turned and made our escape. Tom Stanford ran far ahead and we did not see him till next day. That night we crossed the Sabine river. Colonel Morman was taken to Dave Strickland's and from there scouts were sent about the country. These men, of the militia, finding everything so different from what had been represented, that they informed their commanding officer, General Smith, that they must be disbanded, or they would, in a body, join Colonel Morman to rid the country of counterfeiters, thieves and other lawless men. The next day the militia was disbanded and all returned to their homes, except one company which was retained and stationed for a short time in Shelbyville, to maintain law and order. One of the company raised a difficulty with Albert Harris, a regulator, and attempted to kill him, but finding Harris ready for the conflict he ran and concealed himself. Vardeman Duncan, a moderator, then took up the difficulty against Harris. Duncan advanced upon him with a knife, when Harris, to get advantage in law, retreated a few steps, then fired and missed; Duncan still pursued with his knife, when Harris fired a second time and killed Duncan. Then that company of militia was discharged.

John M. Bradley tried to procure the killing of Colonel Wat Morman, and he, (Bradley) left home and went to San Augustine, still continuing to threaten the life of Morman. Colonel Morman finding he was compelled to fight, took

John Reynolds and David Winborn with him and went to San Augustine. There they found Bradley in church, attending a meeting. Morman entered the church and set facing Bradley. He had been seen by Bradley and before the conclusion of the services, he (Morman) went out and stood on the gallery, at the door of the church. Bradley came out at the close surrounded by a crowd of women. Morman had dreamed that Bradley wore a steel jacket and as Bradley came out Morman cried, "Clear the track, Wat's here!" at the same moment aimed and fired at Bradley, just below where he thought the steel jacket would come. Bradley fired also. Bradley was killed; his ball struck at Morman's feet. It was found afterwards that Bradley wore a steel jacket, and he had been shot below it. Morman surrendered to the authorities of San Augustine county, was tried and acquitted. The defense being the threats made by Bradley and his offer of one thousand dollars to any one who would kill Colonel Morman.

CHAPTER XI.

The freebooters who belonged to the party of the moderators were Willis Watson, Tiger Jim Strickland, Amos Strickland, Henry Strickland, Dave Strickland, Sam McFadgin and his three sons, William, Baily and John J. Goodbread, Jno. Smith, Sam Todd, John Applegate, Jno. M. Bradley, Bob Clifford, Baily Anderson, Jonas English, Joshua English, Emory Raines, chief counsellor.

I was so much annoyed by my enemies in Shelby county, by being waylaid, my horses poisoned, etc., and was kept so much disturbed that I left Shelby county in 1851 and settled twelve miles west of Jordan's Saline, in the county of VanZandt. I took my remaining stock with me. Here I traded my horses for a large stock of hogs, keeping only one mare. And during my absence from home Rusk McInturf, with his clan, stole my whole stock of hogs and escaped with them.

In 1854 I bought another stock of hogs, intending to move my whole stock to the Brazos, and going to collect them, found them all gone again. What I could find of my hogs, horses and cattle, I took with me to the Horse Shoe bend of Brazos river, in Parker county.

CHAPTER XII.

In 1856 I moved my stock to the head of Kickapoo creek in Erath county. Here they did well until the close of the late civil war. In 1855 I lived in Big Valley above the Horse-Shoe Bend of the Brazos river, in Parker county. There myself and family were sick. At one time I was in want of breadstuff, and learning that a wagon load of flour and whiskey had arrived at the house of a man named Sanchez, living in the neighborhood, I went to the place to procure what I required when I met a man by the name of Walker, who had waylaid me in Shelby county. I got my flour and was about to start home, when Walker stepped up, caught me in the bosom with his left hand, in his right hand, raised

above his head, he held a dangerous knife. He accused me of going with Col. Mormon to waylay and kill him. I was unarmed and unsuspecting of a difficulty in going to the place. I knocked his hand loose from my bosom, and pressed close to him with my face to his looking him in the eye; he shut his eyes, closed his knife, put it in his pocket and walked away. He went into Sanchez's house and the crowd inside hearing the loud talk came out hurriedly. Sanchez met Walker at the fence, Walker gave him his bridle reins to hold and went into the house and came out again immediately without any more weapons. Coming to the fence he got another cup of whiskey and desired me to drink with him; I told him I would not drink with any such man, and any man who accused me of going with Col. Mormon to waylay him or any one else was a liar and no gentleman, that he (Walker) belonged to one party and I to another, but I had never taken advantage of any one. He then invited me to go home with him, but I refused. He then proposed to go home with me. I answered that he could go where he pleased that I should not go with him. About that time Phillis Stroud came up, and I went on with Stroud who lived near me. When we started Walker went with us and affecting to be very drunk fell from his horse and went no further.

CHAPTER XIII.

After this efforts were made to raise a difficulty between Walker and myself. People were afraid of him and thought him a desperado. I was urged to fight him but I was not to be decoyed into trouble.

A party was given at old man Pointers, two miles above me on Kickapoo creek. Walker, together with the basest characters, male and female, of the country, was there. I was about a mile from Pointer's at J. W. White's, getting a load of rails, when Walker with six men came to "wind me up." Mohorn came with Walker, both armed. The doors of White's house were east and west. They came up on the south side. The other men, seven in all, surrounded the house two at a side. I went out into the yard as they came in at the east door. There were only two men, White and Rightman, at the house when they saw me. I was unarmed except a derringer in my belt. As I stepped out they asked me for a drink of water. I spoke to White and said "these men want water, I am too well raised to hand such men water, you can do as you please." White brought the water. Walker was dismounting from his horse, and it was handed to Mohorn. Walker said "Mr. Middleton, I would like to have a civil chat with you." I told him to "go ahead, I'll talk to you or any one else." He answered he wanted a private chat. I said "go ahead, I will follow." White had just erected a little smoke-house and it was not quite finished. Walker started around and getting near the corner near a pile of lumber I told him to stop, right there we would settle it. I had my hand on my pistol and was ready for him. Walker dropped at once, and sitting down before me, said he would make any acknowledgements I wished. I told him I wanted no difficulty and feared none, I was always ready when one came up, but rather avoided it and

acted in self defence. I said "you say you want no difficulty?" He answered, no, he did not, and would make any acknowledgements I asked. I told him he had made enough, to attend to his own business and let mine alone and never cross my path again. He promised to do so, said he was done, and never intended to interfere further with me. We then walked back to the yard where his six men were assembled. Mohorn took me aside and requested me not to be displeased with him for coming with Walker, as he came only to get the difficulty settled. "What!" said I. "Mohorn, did you suppose your coming strengthened the matter any? Suppose all of you, the whole clan had come, no strength would have been added, Walker could settle it alone as well." Addressing all then, I said: "Gentlemen, I want you all to understand that Jno. W. is a crowd anywhere, I want no apologies from any of you, I want you to get on your horses and leave here, and leave quick. All then mounted and left without resenting anything I had said. I never saw Walker but once after. He went near Fort Belknap and remained a short time. In connection with a man named Langston he killed a man there, and after that I met him once alone. I had my shot gun. We talked a short time in a friendly manner, separated, and I have not seen him since.

CHAPTER XIV.

Walker and four others, Joe Robertson, Bob Tucker, Covington and Dordy were the men who, pretending to be Indians, murdered Cameron and his wife in Lost Prairie. Dordy was killed while resisting arrest for stealing the same horses for which Covington and Tucker were hung on Pulaxy. I have been informed that Robertson was executed, but have no personal knowledge of it. Walker is yet living.

In the fall of 1856 I moved to the head of Kickapoo creek, and the Indians were located on the reserve in Young county. For a short time they remained peaceable. Early in 1857 they commenced depredating. They came in by families and camped, pretending to hunt and were very friendly. Part of them would steal horses and when charged with it would accuse the wild Indians as the perpetrators. I was elected captain of an independent company for home protection. The Indians came in and camped on Saline creek and were accompanied by "Choctaw Tom," an interpreter. Two Indians on one occasion came out near Buck creek in the edge of the settlement. Two of the Lavender family, one partly deranged, went out cow hunting in the direction of Saline creek. A point of a mountain came down in the valley, and on this point the two Indians were stationed, one on the south and the other on the opposite side. A long rock came down from the point and was split in the middle. One Indian ran into this opening and as the men passed shot at them but missed. These men not perceiving they were fired at, and presuming the firing to be by some neighbor hunting, started towards the place when they discovered the Indian, and returning at once, notified me. I raised seventeen men and early next day was

on the spot; following the trail we overtook them just before sundown. We divided and came up on different sides of the encampment, when Choctaw Tom came out and told us they were there peaceably to hunt and wished to do no one harm. I answered that the Indians of the reserve were accused of horse stealing and that much of it was going on in the country. He said it was by wild Indians. I answered we did not know wild indians from tame ones and they had better get away, that I was hunting the Indians who were doing the mischief and they had shot at two men and I had tracked them to that camp. An old laughing Indian (one who laughs all the time) said he had shot at a deer and not at them. Choctaw Tom promised to take the Indians back at once to the lower reserve where they belonged. I left them and returned next morning. They left that day, but went into Palo Pinto county and stopped again. Peter Garland discovered they were there, raised a company and went against them. He went to their camp and dividing his command approached them in two divisions. One party made an immediate attack and killed several Indians; two of the attacking party were killed. The other division fired one round, retired to reload and failed to return.

CHAPTER XV.

The next difficulty was in the same year, 1857. A party of Indians came in and killed a man named Browning. They came from the upper reserve This man Browning, was in the woods below Baylor's ranch and fought the Indians alone for some time and killed one. When charged with this crime it was attributed by them to wild Indians. Jno. R. and George Baylor were then absent. On their return they determined to avenge the death of Browning, and taking four men went on the frontier to a point on the Indian trail which the Indians would pass on their return They stopped and during a consultation they saw two Indians coming, who retreated before the men could get ready to follow on horseback. One of the Indians was shot and killed, the other escaped. The white men then went to another trail where they met six Indians; fighting commenced at once and every indian was killed. One of the Indians, wounded in the beginning, protected himself behind a rock and was the last killed. After this fight and on the same day, they moved and came up in the rear of seven Indians They were accompanied by a chief who wore a wig with a wide leathern strap hanging from it to his feet, and this adorned with silver plates at intervals. Jno. R. Baylor told his party to notice him knock off one of the plates; he fired knocked off the plate and wounded the Indian. They then charged the Indians. One of the Indians jumped up behind the chief to carry him away, but was shot down. They killed three then, the chief died afterwards. The others escaped temporarily by hiding in the drift of a creek near by, but being discovered were killed, making thirteen that day. They then went to the camp of the rangers, which was in the neighborhood, as they were nearly out of ammunition. The rangers now went to look for Indians but found none; they found the body of the chief and sent the strap with the silver plates to Col. Baylor.

Baylor. After this the country commenced organizing to whip and drive away the Indians from the upper and lower reserve. John R. Baylor and Peter Garland gathered what forces they could from Erath and Palo Pinto counties and established their head quarters at Baylor's ranch and vicinity, on the Clear Fork of Brazos, ten or twelve miles east of the upper reserve. John R. Baylor, Peter Garland, Henry Pugh, John Fry and myself then went to the lower reserve with the forces then as to our future action. Baylor remained there and sent Garland back. Pugh and Fry went back with Garland. At the request of Baylor I remained with him. As soon as the organization was completed, Ward, with one hundred men, was sent to re-inforce Garland on the upper reserve, it being determined to destroy the Indians (Comanches) of that reserve first. Baylor then, with his regiment, went to the upper reserve, taking part of Captain Hamner's company as advance guard. The guard met a squad of Indians who retreated to the reserve; Hamner charged upon them, but his stake rope fell off his horse and catching, checked him, and the Indians escaped. He returned, resumed command and moved on until we got in sight of a Waco village on our left and a Caddo or Annadako village on our right. The Indians raised the warhoop on our right; they were in the brush and Hamner making a flank movement, they ran and escaped. We were now at the lower reserve. The road ran along the edge of the village, and we moved and formed line of battle in the road. A squad of Indians from the reserve, came over the hill in sight of us, wheeled and ran back. Soon the officers of the U. S. army came and beckoning to us for a parley, our officers, Baylor and the captains of companies met them, when the officers of the U. S. army ordered them off the reserve. The line of march was then taken for the upper reserve. On my reaching Salt Creek the principal part of the regiment had crossed. A high bluff was on the east side of the creek and we were on the west side. Two Indians on this bluff bantered us, and by all sorts of actions endeavored to provoke us into an attack upon them. Hamner's company was in the rear and ordered to recross the creek and attack the Indians in the rear. After he had crossed and was going around the bluff, Baylor asked my opinion as to whether it was a good place to fight. I replied it was not, and called his attention to the Indians in the valley and the fact that we were still on the reserve. We recalled Hamner's company and moved on slowly. As Hamner was passing to his place in the regiment he was fired upon and his horse wounded in the hip by a bullet from a six shooter. Another man was shot at and a tree was struck by the large ball very near the man's head. I told Baylor that we had better continue the march until we had left the reserve and then stop and fight. We had gone but a few miles and were not yet off the reserve, when we were fired upon from a mountain on our right, and the firing was kept up for two miles, and after we had passed the Tonkaway village. Before we passed the village an Annadako chief made frequent demonstrations of charging on our rear, and some young men abandoned a pack horse which was carrying their provisions. Baylor went back, rescued the horse and we halted until his return. Salt creek was on the

east side of the village, a bluff on the west side and a pond of lasting water at the foot of the bluff on the west side. Baylor halted until Captain Hamner could come up after watering his horses in the pond. He marched the length of the company in the water and when the horses had drank counter marched to the rear. We saw only one Indian, who came running through the village. He was surrounded; Hamner ran up beside him and went with him to Baylor. Baylor spoke to him in several different Indian dialects, but he exhibited no knowledge of any. The Indian was between Hamner and Baylor, each having his gun in the saddle across his lap. Baylor took the Indian's gun and spat in the pan. The Indian letting go his gun, jerked Hamner's, but he held it fast and shot the Indian with his six shooter. The Indian then started forward and was again fired upon and killed. The Indians then raised a general yell, fired a full volley at us from the mountain, started to make a charge and tried to take possession of a ravine in our front, but finding it occupied by our troops, retreated. A few miles further on, we reached a mesquit flat—a post oak ridge a mile long was on our right and we had to go around the south end of it. Baylor staying in the rear, sent me with the colors to the point of the ridge. Captain Scantland was sent across the ridge to enclose any Indians found there. After I had passed the ridge a short distance, we were fired into from the ridge by the Indians; no one hurt. I ordered a charge of the men with me. A man named Cook, close to me, ran too fast and was too close to the Indians, when he was wounded by one of our men and died next day. After the Indians got out in the rear of Captain Scantland, we halted at the point of the ridge until we could bring in Cook. We carried him to the house of Wm. Marlin, about half a mile off. At Marlin's a branch heads east and runs past his house and turns west, and a mountain is southeast of Marlin's. Here the regular soldiers and Indians came up behind the mountain. An Indian of the Annadako tribe was in command. I knew his voice when I heard him giving directions. We staked out our horses and prepared for fight. It was about 2 p. m.; we expected an attack before sundown. The Indians came before we expected them and raised their warhoop. We formed our lines in such positions as we thought best. Hamner's company formed near me and I fell in with that company. We marched up the west side of the branch where collected the enemy—the Indians and regulars. After marching a few hundred yards I saw a position from which I thought I could kill an Indian and placed myself near a post oak. I supposed some Indian would come down the branch to obtain some advantage and I would surprise him. A boy of the command took a similar position near me. A squad of men had advanced about two hundred yards to the top of the hill on my right and the battle was going on. Baylor came by and ordered me to take command of the squad on the hill, and on my arrival the firing ceased. The men informed me they had seen three Indians fall from their horses. In a few minutes Colonel Baylor came up to me and said: "Let's go and bring in our horses and put them under guard." I then went back, got our horses and ordered the guard to bring in all, which was done, and I returned to

my command. As I reached it, Van Burns started towards the mountain with his gun and was gone but five minutes, when he killed an Indian and returned with his scalp. The Indian commander moved back and forth between the mountain and ravine giving orders, mounted on a fine yellow horse which once belonged to a circus, well trained and gaited, and traded at the reserve. This Indian wore a wig, filled with turkey feathers, which he delighted in making whistle through the air as he dashed backward and forward at high speed. He was repeatedly shot at. A man and boy went to the upper corner of Marlin's field to secure a shot at him. When the man reached his place he was shot at by the Indians and four holes made in his shirt and a blood blister raised on his hand as he cocked his gun. He fired at the Indian on the yellow horse and cut off his wig which contained the feathers, and when they fell the Indians all raised a yell. After this he seemed to exert himself to a greater degree and press his horse to greater speed than before. When he came back again near the man and boy, it was agreed that the man shoot at the Indian and the boy at the horse. When the guns fired the Indian ceased commanding, the horse lessened his speed to a slow gallop, and a short distance over the hill fell. For fifteen or twenty minutes no command was given; then Peter Ross from around the mountain commenced giving orders. A squad of men from a house about one hundred yards below Marlin's was attracting much attention from the Indians by their close shooting. A Mr. Washburn from the corner of the chimney kept up a strong fire and was doing execution. An Indian crept up between the boy stationed near me, as before stated, and Mr. Washburn, and firing, killed Washburn. The boy then discovered the Indian and being ready with his gun, fired, the Indian fell over on some bushes and before the boy could reload, fell from that position into the ravine, out of sight. Strong evidence was afterwards found there that if not killed he had been badly wounded. The Indians commenced retreating as soon as Ross took command and no more fighting worthy of mention was done.

CHAPTER XVI.

We remained upon the battle ground until next morning. The sun was nearly down when we ceased firing and not knowing whether another attack would be made, we kept our place, with a proper guard for our horses. The next morning I was placed on picquet guard until we could bury Washburn and carry the two wounded to Fort Belknap. Colonel Baylor desired to go at once to the upper reserve, but others contended for going with the wounded by Fort Belknap. We had no paper and therefore sent verbal dispatches to Garland and White of the fight and our coming to the upper reserve. The message was not credited, and when we reached Fort Belknap we were threatened by the United States army with a cannonade, but we remained until the next evening as our wounded men died and we wished to and did give them the rites of burial. The next evening we marched out a few miles and camped, and then

arose much anxiety on the part of the men lest they should call upon themselves the anger and force of the United States. One company having arranged to leave that night left their horses saddled and intended going off in small parties past the guard, mounting their horses and leaving. Other companies perceiving that some of the horses were left with their saddles on did the same, and during the night so much confusion resulted from the number of horses saddled and men meeting men who were not informed of the intention that the design was betrayed and no one left. In the night Baylor trebled the guard and ordered any man shot who offered to pass the lines. In the morning I took the colors and called for volunteers Hamner with his company came first, and finally all came forward except Sutton's company from Weatherford which refused to proceed further and returned home. We then moved on towards the upper reserve, when meeting with the command of Ward we halted, ate dinner and then the whole command returned to the lower reserve. Baylor went to his ranch. Garland had left with his company and gone down the east side of the Brazos river to the lower reserve where all were collecting. After the men had collected and arrangements were making for a campaign, a compromise was made and the war against the reserve Indians ceased. The Texans returned to their homes. In the last fight mentioned above the Indians lost twenty-two who were killed and died of their wounds. The Texans lost three killed. In the morning after our arrival at Baylor's ranch, eight of us having gone there, I rose very early as was my custom and went out to move my horse, he was staked low down in the field near the river, and where, unknown to me, was a ford. Dr. Barkley, Howell and Clark stopped to wash their faces before moving their horses; the others were not yet out of bed. I was returning from my horse and the three men were untying the ropes from the stakes when I heard horses moving, and looking back saw Maj. Neighbors and nineteen Indians charging upon me not distant more than fifty yards. The men commenced hellooing, "Help! help! Indians, Indians!" I had called their attention by calling to them, "Look out, boys, the Indians are coming." Baylor came out and said they are white men as they have on citizen's clothes. I replied they were Indians, when Baylor called up the men. I covered the retreat of Howell and Clark by threatening them with my gun, but Dr. Barkley was captured. He was carried a short distance and after they had taken from him three gold dollars and his pen-knife he was permitted to return. The United States authorities and the citizens assembled at the lower reserve agreed upon the removal of the Indians to Fort Cobb, when the people satisfied with the agreement disbanded and returned to their homes. We were then at peace with the Indians and for twelve months after but little mischief was done.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The first party which now came in killed Johnson and his negro servant in Comanche county and escaped. The next, a man living near the western end of Duffau mountain in Erath county was out stock hunting between the mountain and a high knob. In a ravine near by he discovered a band of Indians making arrows in a dogwood thicket. He gave the alarm at once, and in a very short time a force was raised and divided into two parties. A young man named Caldwell and three others went to Matherell's Gap and the others to where the Indians had been seen. The latter discovered the Indians, forced them out and pursued them on the north side of the mountain and ran them through the gap. The Indians came sooner than expected and Caldwell reached the gap just in time to meet them and there the fight commenced. Caldwell killed one there and the fight continued a short time and then the Indians ran and a running fight was kept up for a short distance. The Indians left none of their number behind except the one killed. From this Indian an arm was taken, carried to the settlements, washed and proved to be that of a white man. The Indians in their flight killed and stole horses as they went and passed near my house. My son, Nathan, looking up some cows the next morning found a bloody flour sack, Stair's mare killed and Ben Trimin's mare badly wounded. The next day I went to Stephenville and meeting with a returning party of citizens learned the inroad of the Indians. In 1860 four Indians came in and killed Jim Phillips on Puluxey, in Erath county. They took his two horses, scalped Phillips and wore off his hat. Nathan Middleton rode out on his mule the same evening near to where Phillips was killed and found a cow and calf, and started to drive them home. The Indians were close by and saw him but he did not see them. The cow ran across some brakes of a ravine that ran into Kickapoo creek to get into the timber. One Indian riding a very small mule trying to cut Nathan Middleton off, ran down the bed of the ravine to its mouth. Nathan finding he could not drive the cow in the timber, and not being anxious to do so, as it was Sunday, left the cow and returned home thus escaping the Indians.

J. W. White made arrangements to pursue the Indians, and came to my house. We were to start on the trail early next morning, and the balance of the men were to come to my house to go on with us, but no one came. We two went on and trailed them to near the head of Stroud's creek, where two beeves had been killed. They turned then on to Robertson creek and there we were joined by Truitt and McKenzie, and we followed the trail to Kickapoo. We lost the trail there and circled to find where they had crossed the river. When we reached the river we turned up to Henry Maxwell's on the Weatherford and Stephenville road. Maxwell had been out and discovered the trail a few miles above his house. The trail was found running across the river. White and Truitt swam the river and found one of Phillips' horses which they brought back. We were told by James Upton, from across the river, before the

men swam it that the Indians had been there and captured some horses. The river was up and the Indians swam it and went on to Golconda in Palo Pinto county. There a company of cow hunters came up with them, captured seventeen of the horses and the red skins escaped with only the horses they were riding. I went home and gathering a crowd went at once to the head of Sunday creek valley expecting the return of the Indians. I reached the east side of the valley before sundown and took a station to watch, but I was a few minutes too late, the Indians had passed. Next morning about sunrise we struck the trail and ran the savages across the head of Puluxey creek and some distance down the Leon river. We camped on the Leon, rain commenced falling and as we could not trail them we hastened back to Stephenville, and there learned that a company had met them the evening before at Duffau mountain, and that the Indians had left there and gone in the direction of my house. We hurried home and had not yet struck the trail. Tom Killen lived near the river, and in going home saw the trail but he was alone and the Indians too long gone to try to follow. In this raid the Indians were so closely pursued that they got nothing.

The horses captured from the Indians at Golconda were staked out there by the cow hunters, and the Indians on their return went by and stole them again. The next morning the cow hunters discovered their loss and gave chase immediately. They followed until their horses were jaded and then met with another party of cow hunters on fresh horses. They took the trail and followed until evening when they overtook them seventy miles from Golconda. This pursuit was made in the part of one day. The Indians were bivouacked on the top of a mountain drying their blankets and jerking their meat in the sun. The cow men were discovered by an Indian sentinel on the side of the mountain, and the Indians mounted and started to run. A small Indian riding a very slow horse had the scalp of Phillips and wore his hat, a large Indian remained to assist him. Two Indians on swift horses endeavored to divert the attention of the cow men but without success. The white men kept steadily after the small and large Indians. The small one having been killed the other ran but was caught and shot. He died soon after in the brush. The other two escaped.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Some time after this Wm. Culver was with his scouts watching for Indians on Saline creek in Palo Pinto county. Two men were posted on high mountains to watch the Indian trail. Culver and his men were in the valley. The signal was given that the Indians were coming. Culver and Ross dashed after them. There were but two and being overtaken by Culver and Ross a hand-to-hand fight took place. One Indian was killed, the other wounded. The wounded Indian when the other was killed jumped into the saddle upon Culver's horse and made his escape. They had dismounted to fight and Culver's

horse was the best in the party. They trailed the Indian by his blood until night and continued the trail next morning. It was followed a mile up on the side of the mountain where they found Culver's horse tied to a tree, and searching they found the Indian lying dead under a shelving rock.

A short time after another party came in accompanied by a Yankee surgeon. They went down on Robertson creek in Hood county and turned back towards Kickapoo creek. They came in contact with Jackson and Nathan Holt driving a cow and yearling and a cow and calf. The two men were separated by the cow being hard to drive, the calf not keeping up. Nathan Holt was on foot leading his mare, and he was killed and scalped. It was two days before his body was found, and then one-half a mile from where he had been driving the cattle. His arms were broken.

A short time after another party of Indians came into the Duffau mountains and a party of citizens pursued them. A few miles to the north of Stephenville they (the citizens) were met by Jesse Caroway, Matherwell and some others, who took up the trail and caught up with the Indians near the head of Bosque river and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. Caroway was wounded in the face by an arrow, Matherwell was slightly wounded. Many Indians were wounded but all escaped.

Another party of Indians came in on Puluxey, south of the Stephenville and Granbury road and stole horses. Gideon Mills gathered a crowd of boys and came up by my ranch when in answer to his question they said they were on the Indian trail and went on. I overtook them in three or four miles where they had lost the trail. The Indians were at last discovered on Weaver branch and pursued until they reached Kickapoo creek. These Indians escaped but they lost all their horses except the ones they rode, but these were the best and those that had been stolen. As usual on the return of the pursuing party the recovered horses were returned to the owners, and the captured Indian horses given to those whose horses were not recaptured.

In 1862 another party came in near Mansco's. Old man Mansco, his son Tom and a man named Cross were out stock hunting when they were attacked by the Indians. Cross was killed. The Manscos escaped by dismounting and getting to the creek, but they lost their horses. Another party came in where I lived. Pleasant Boyd was herding cattle below and starting from the herd to go to Capp's was attacked on the way. He tried to escape by running but his horse was too slow. He was armed with a six-shooter but only two barrels would fire. On the left he was headed by an Indian on a large mule, and he dismounted at a bunch of post oaks. His pistol and several guns were heard by the neighbors. Boyd was killed there and found shot in several places. The sign discovered that there were three or four Indians, and they went up on Double Mountain and thence down Kickapoo creek.

CHAPTER XIX.

Not long after I was informed about dark of the inroad of another party of Indians. I went out by moonlight to bring in my horses and found a fine mule and a cavallado horse gone. Next day I found the trail and saw where a man had walked in his socks without shoes to where my horses had been in the prairie at the head of a ravine. Here from the sign the Indians had indulged themselves in a dance. They got away with the horses. In about a week I struck a trail and my mule track was there going west; the Indians before had gone east. In about a mile of my house I found where the mule and horse had been grazed. In eight or ten days I say the same trail going east. With Cunningham I trailed them on the range all day; we then followed the trail to the mouth of Robertson creek where it was lost by getting among loose horses. Not long before the break-up of the late civil war, Captain Jackson with his company from Missouri came by my house on the way to California, deserting from the Confederate army. They helped themselves to horses or whatever else they wanted as they passed. They camped for dinner near my house and had with them my mule which had been stolen by the Indians. I was absent at the time and my wife claimed the mule and before she could get out of the house to go to the mule a man had mounted it and was gone, and the mule was lost. In 1863 twenty-five Indians came in on Leon. Flannagan and Smith who had been living on the head of Leon river moved to McCain's ranch on Palo Pinto creek. Flannagan sent his son and Smith back with an ox team and covered wagon after their household goods when they were attacked. Smith escaped on foot through the brush of the Leon, after he had been wounded in the leg by an arrow before he got out of the wagon. Flannagan got out of the wagon and fought until he was killed.

A man with a woman mounted on the horse behind him was riding near a house when attacked by the same band of Indians last mentioned. He would threaten with his gun, the Indians retreat the man then spur forward, and this repeated until his cries brought assistance from the house when the Indians left them. The woman received several arrows in the hips but she recovered. In 1864 I started alone to go to Stephenville riding a three-year-old colt not bridewise. I learned in the town that the Indians were in the country again and a scout had gone in the direction of my house. I found Mart Stone who was going towards my house; he was traveling with his wagon to Hunt county and had a boy with him. A scout was preparing to leave Stephenville, but as they were slow in starting Stone, the boy and I went on. We went together about three miles, and then I went on alone. About five miles from town I saw some men sitting on their horses about half a mile from the road. I went forward and came to a place which for some distance hid me from the party. I concluded to make an examination and see who they were and rode up the bank. As I was going up I saw two Indians rise up and peer over at me. I turned instantly and ran towards Stephenville. The Indians were riding race

horses belonging to Mansco and Tucker. They pursued me a mile and a quarter, when I met Stone. I was shot at twice before I reached him, and the arrows grazed me in both instances. Here we were fought by the whole party. The Indians shooting at us in all directions except the rear, and the fight continued until about two hours before sundown. The boy was wounded in the thigh by an arrow, Stone was touched on the hand. We became separated, each trying to make his escape. Stone and myself reached Stephenville in safety that night. The boy hid himself in a pile of driftwood in the branch till morning. In Stephenville I obtained the assistance of four men, and armed myself with a shot-gun. We arrived at the fighting ground, trailed the Indians a little that night, followed them the next day, but they had all gone but one who was so badly wounded by Stone in the fight that he died there. The boy was found, his wounds dressed and he got well. Stone's oxen had broken away with his wagon, the fore wheels became detached and left the body, which with the contents were found uninjured except in the places struck by bullets and arrows. The Indians had been to the houses of Redmond Stone and Wm. Culver and would have murdered the women and children there remaining, but the scout following the trail after my fight frightened them away. Fresh tracks of their horses were all around the houses. Wm. Culver was captain of a scouting party.

CHAPTER XX.

And now when about to conclude the biography of my eventful life, I will break the thread of my story and return a little. Before secession a regiment to be commanded by Col. Van Rimple was stationed by order of General Sam Houston at Double Mountain on Hubbard's creek and to keep out scouts all the time. Buck Barry, now of Bosque county, commanded a company in this regiment. I was a member and served with it until the states seceded when we were disbanded and I returned home. The regiment reorganized for the war. It was my intention to go into the Southern army, but my son Nathan volunteered and I was then obliged to remain at home. My son was captured at Arkansas Post, carried to Camp Douglass and died there in prison. Finding I could not go and take the place of my sick son in Arkansas I went to Bayou Mason in Louisiana with Alex. McNeil and Ben Sparks with a drove of cattle. I furnished forty steers and went as a hand at two dollars a day, holding my cattle until I got my pay. We camped fourteen miles above Delhi the night before it was burned; crossed Bayou Mason and went to Joe's Bayou, was there when the first battle of Vicksburg was fought and distinctly heard the reports of the cannon. At Lake Washington we arrived in the evening with 106 beeves immediately after the Federal soldiers had left for Arkansas Post. I sold the 106 beeves there, and then went back to Joe's Bayou and sold the remainder. We then went to Delhi to take the cars but were delayed by the soldiers about five days. I then returned home.

After my return the Indians continued troublesome, the neighbors had moved away, the health of my wife had declined and in 1867 I removed with family to Ruckers creek on the east side of the Brazos river in Hood county, and in 1869 I moved from there to my present residence in the eastern part of Hood county on Fall creek.

In 1871 my wife sickened and died. She was in all relations of life a noble woman, as wife and mother faithful, watchful and affectionate, industrious and charitable. No man's domestic life was more blessed than mine.

Two years after the death of my wife I married Jane Bosson, a favorite of my first wife, and widow of Wm. Bosson—her maiden name was Cummins. She had six children at our marriage, and we have lived together until the present time without jar or discord; her children are good and kind and we have never disagreed, which is evidence not alone of their respect for their mother and myself but of their own goodness of heart and nobility of character.

I have had during my career many personal conflicts, many chases after Indians and violators of the law which are not narrated in these pages. To have told all would have occupied more space and time than I could hope to give. After my settlement on Ruckers creek everything remained quiet and I have not since been under the necessity of taking up arms to defend myself or country. I bear upon my person the scars of many wounds and many bullets which were not extracted and still remain in my body. My left arm is useless, but my general health is good, and now at the age of 75 my mind is bright and vigorous, and I am as strong and hearty as I could have hoped or wished. Age sits lightly upon my shoulders, and I have the consolation in looking back over the past to find that there is little I could wish to change.

THE END.

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original pamphlet, page for page, line for line, word for word. Compared by

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